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## HARK! HARK!

For hark! hark! hark!  
The dog doth bark,  
That watches the wild deer's lair.  
The hunter awakes at the peep of the dawn,  
But the lair is empty, the deer it is gone,  
And the hunter knows not where.

Then follow, oh follow! the hounds do cry:  
The red sun beams in the eastern sky:  
The stag bounds over the hollow.  
He that lingers in spirit, or loiters in the hall,  
Shall see us no more till the evening fall,  
And no voice but the echo shall answer his call:  
Then follow, oh follow, follow:  
Follow, oh follow, follow!

Though I be now a grey, grey friar,  
Yet I was once a hale young knight:  
The cry of the dogs was the only choir  
In which my spirit it took delight.

Little I recked to matin bell,  
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn.  
And the only beads I loved to tell  
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.

An archer keen I was withal,  
As ever had lain on greenwood tree:  
And could make the fleetest roebuck fall,  
A good three hundred yards from me.  
Though changeful time, with hand severe,  
Has made me now this choice forego,  
Yet my heart bounds whene'er I hear  
Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!

—THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.